

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* What saiest thou, mistris quickly: how doeth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my Lord heare me.

*Falst.* Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

*Prin.* What sayst thou Iacke?

*Falst.* The other night, I fell asleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they picke pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou lose, Iacke?

*Falst.* Wilt thou belecue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of forty pound a'piece, and a seale ring of my grandfather's.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: and my Lord hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as heis, and said he would cudgell you.

*Prince* What he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Falst.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more trueth in thee, then in a drawne foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing, what thing?

*Falst.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Host.* I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

*Falst.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

*Falst.* What beast? why, an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, sir John? why an Otter?

*Falst.* Why? thee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Host.* Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and he slaunders thee most grossely.

*Host.* So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, You

ought

*Henrie the*

ought him a thousand pound.

*Prince* Sirra, doe I owe you a

*Falst.* A thousand pound, Hal  
million: thou owest me thy loue.

*Host.* Nay, my Lord, hee cald  
cudgell you.

*Falst.* Did I, Bardoll?

*Bar.* Indeed, sir John, you said

*Falst.* Yea, if he said my ring w

*Pri.* I say, 'tis copper: darest thou

*Falst.* Why, Hal? thou knowest  
but as thou art Prince, I feare thee  
Lyons whelp.

*Prin.* And why not as the Ly

*Falst.* The king himselfe, is to  
thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare  
pray God my girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how wou  
but sirra, there's no roome for fa  
bosome of thine. It is all fill'd  
Charge an honest woman with p  
hore son impudent imboist rascal  
pocket, but tauerne reckonings, r  
ses, and one poore peniworth of s  
winded: if thy pocket were inn  
these, I am a villaine; and yet y  
pocket vp wrong: art thou not a

*Fal.* Doeft thou heare, Hal? th  
cencie, Adam fell, & what shoul  
daies of villany? thou seest, I ha  
& therefore more frailty. You con

*Prin.* It appeares so by the st

*Fal.* Hostesse, I forgiue thee,  
thy husband, looke to thy seruanc  
find mee tractable to any honest  
still: nay, prethee be gone.  
Now, Hal, to the newes at Court

answered?